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"JANE, IS THAT KITTEN A TOM-CAT?"  
"COURSE. ITS MOTHER WAS A TOM-CAT AND SO WAS ITS GRANDMOTHER."

# The CECILIAN



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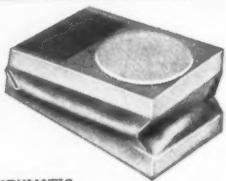
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## The Literary Zoo

GEORGE MOORE consented to have his book, "Memoirs of a Dead Life," published by the Appletons in this country in an expurgated edition, on condition that an *apologia pro scriptis meis* be inserted in the beginning, no word of which should be changed. "I am not aware," says Mr. Moore, "that anybody ever took any liberty with Miss Braddon's texts."

Sooner or later the original text is published. This is the rule, and I am confident I shall prove no exception to the rule."

Following are some extracts from Mr. Moore's remarkable book:

Our universities, it is true, are a few hundred years old, but in comparison with the East we are still savages; our culture is but rudimentary.

Weariness of this world produces what the theologians call "faith."

Some painter once said that Nature put him out. The theologian can say the same about the intellect—it puts him out.

There will always be men and women, the cleric has discovered, who will barter their souls for the sake of rosaries and scapulars and the Pope's indulgences.

The two great enemies of religion, as the clerics know well, are the desire to live and the desire to know.

Nature produces certain attitudes of mind, and among these is an attitude which regards archbishops as more serious than pretty women.

Life comes before literature.

In current literature nothing is said that would lead the reader to suppose that men and women are not of the same sex.

My correspondent says that my book rouses sensuality. Perhaps it does, but not nearly so much as a spring day, and no one has yet thought of suppressing or curtailing spring days.

I am not aware that anybody ever took liberties with Miss Braddon's texts.

Every man must live in the ideas of his time, be they good or bad.

Religion purged of faith is a pleasant, almost a pretty thing.

My thoughts run upon women, and why not? On what would you have them run? On copper mines? Woman is the legitimate subject of all men's thoughts.

It is when lovers tell their illusions and loneliness that they know each other. The fiercest spasm tells us little, and it is forgotten, whereas the moment when a woman sighs and breaks into a simple confidence is remembered years afterwards.

She said her hands had not done any kitchen work for five hundred years.

From a literary point of view there is a good deal to be said in favor of faith when it is not joined with practice; acceptance of dogma shields one from controversy.

It is only those who have freed themselves from all prejudice that get close to life, who get the real taste of life.

All love stories are alike in this: they all contain what the reviewers call "sordid details."

As soon as the mind begins to narrow and wither the body follows suit; prejudices and conventions age us more than years do.

At the bottom of his heart every Christian feels, though he may not care to admit it in these modern days, that every attempt to make love a beautiful and pleasurable thing is a return to paganism. In his eyes the only excuse for man's love of woman is that without it the world would come to an end.

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Why he should consider the end of the world a misfortune I have never been able to find out, for if his creed be a true one the principal use of this world is to supply hell with fuel.

### The Sun's Reviews

THE book review column of the New York *Sun* is notorious for a certain flippancy. There are many authors, indeed, who claim that a "roast" in the *Sun* is certain indication of merit. Inwardly, however, they no doubt cherish rancor. Possibly the author of the following paragraph in the *Publisher and Retailer* has been one of the *Sun's* victims. At any rate the glee with which he catches one of the *Sun's* reviewers napping is delightful:

The charmingly discerning critic of the *Sun* has actually discovered that "The knack of telling a story does not desert Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett when she addresses herself to children." The *Sun* critic discovered all that when reading the delightful and alluring newly published fairy tale called "Queen Silver Bell." There were those who made the same discovery when the lady gave to the world "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Sarah Crewe," both of which had a sale beyond the hundred-thousand mark—but perhaps the critic was not even a child when those two dear books were new.

### Only a Window-Pane

A PATHETIC figure in Richard Whiteing's new purpose novel, which deals with London's working women, is that of a young girl who, asked to name her vocation, says that she is only "a window-pane!" Which curious Cockneyism translated into English means that she earns her living by exhibiting herself and incidentally some new hair-restorer or quack medicine in the center of a show-window.

"I've known what it is to be a window-pane before now. It's a very genteel line, I assure you, but it doesn't lead to much. Once a window-pane, always a window-pane till you are turned thirty, and then you're done. . . . Yes; I've gone through that—figuratively, of course," she added with a certain meditative stress on the polysyllables that hardly bespoke a mind at ease. "You mightn't think it, but I've been in the window with the other goods eight hours a day, at the fancy shop nearly opposite your street."

The other still looked puzzled.

"You sit there, see! and work some new invention—Palace of Truth, or the Lady in the Glass House; that's the idea. But there's no hiding anything, from top to toe—fine points and patent leather, and do your hair three times a day."

Prue gave a little shudder; recovered herself, reflected; seemed to hear as from some pit of doom the cry for the "a-pence"; shuddered again.

"The young person that took my berth is leaving Saturday to get married. She saw him for the first time through the plate glass, and felt it was her fate."

Then Prue stole out stealthily to the fancy shop, got the place, and, with a lighter heart, hurried to the shorthand school, and did her tale of work for the day.

### The Anatomy of Jocosity

"I SAY, D'Orsay, have you ever heard that joke about the guide in Rome who showed some travelers two skulls of St. Paul, one as a boy and the other as a man?"

"Aw, deah boy—no—aw, let me heah it."—*Boston Transcript*.

### Feminine Cynicism

THE strenuous army of faddists, agitators and apostles of all things extraordinary are either resting on their laurels or preparing for a great winter coup. It is now more than nine days since anything was pronounced deleterious to our health.—*Lady's Pictorial*.

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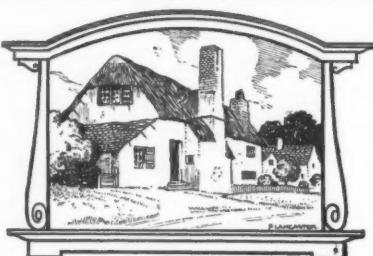
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 And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't.—Aaron Hill.
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  9. But ne'er the rose without the thorn.—Herrick.
- \$250 will be paid for the best illustration of
  10. But there's nothing half so sweet in life  
 As love's young dream.—Moore.
- \$250 will be paid for the best illustration of
  11. Hope springs eternal in the human breast.—Pope.
- \$250 will be paid for the best illustration of
  12. In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.—Tennyson.

**Two Hundred and fifty Dollars**  
 will be paid for the best illustration of each quotation, the awards to be made by the Editors of LIFE.

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The illustrations may be made in any medium—line, wash, oils or color—although it should be borne in mind that they are to be reproduced in black-and-white; and they should also be of a size suitable for reduction to about thirteen inches wide by eight inches high.

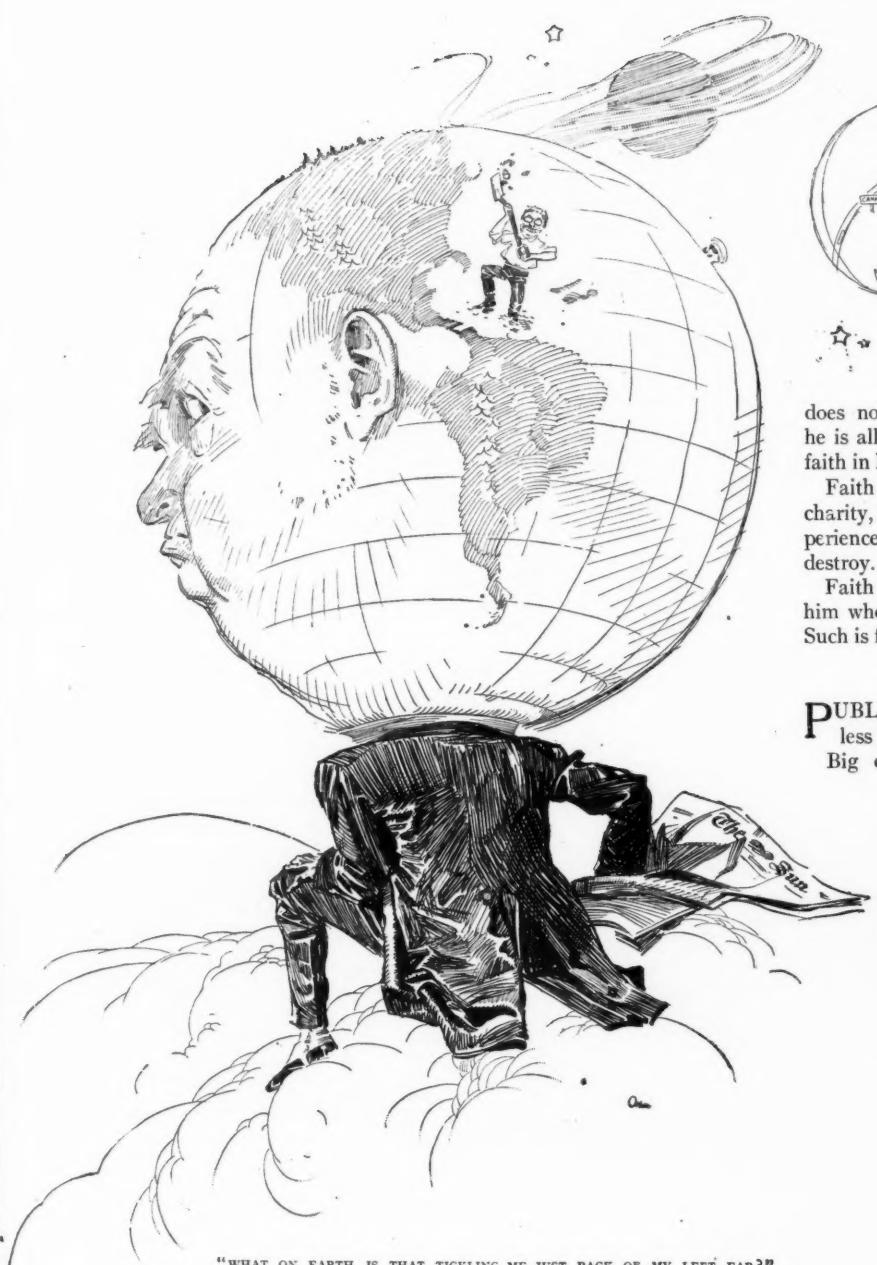
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# LIFE

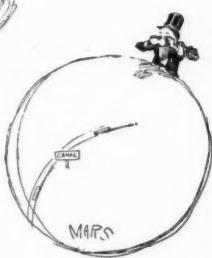


"WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT TICKLING ME JUST BACK OF MY LEFT EAR?"

IT'S an uncommonly modest man who doesn't experience a sense of pride if his doctor tells him he has an unusual and probably fatal disease.

**The Careful Penman**  
A PERSIAN penman named Aziz, Remarked, "I think I know my biz.  
For when I write my name as is,  
It is Aziz as is Aziz."

*Carolyn Wells.*



## Faith

**FAITH** is one's immovable confidence in that which may not be so, after all. Man has faith in himself. He thinks he is considerable, and his wife, being a wise woman, does not disillusion him, but lets him go on thinking he is all he believes himself to be, in the hope that her faith in him may come true.

Faith is stronger than hope, more friendly than charity, and is something that neither knowledge, experience nor the incapacity of our jails can ever utterly destroy.

Faith is helpful alike to all, for it is a stronghold for him who would be honest, and a refuge for the crook. Such is faith.

*W. F. Rice.*

## When We Are Civilized:

**PUBLIC** servants will devote more time to duty and less to politics.

Big criminals will be pursued as relentlessly as little criminals.

There will be truth in trade.

There will be more art and less commercialism.

There will be fewer moral cowards.

There will be greater effort to obey and less effort to evade laws.

Wealth will be less arrogant.

There will be no favored classes.

Pain will make fewer tyrants.

Men will be as anxious to pay debts as to collect them.

Advantage will not be taken of ignorance.

Man will not fear the truth.

Hypocrisy will be a lost art.

Manhood will take precedence over position.

Men will not submit to wrongs to avoid effort and trouble.

There will be as much patriotism in time of peace as in time of war.

*H. C. F.*

**BLESSED** are the rich. There is no magazine or newspaper specially devoted to protecting and educating them.

# • LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."  
VOL. XLIX. JANUARY 10, 1907. NO. 1263.  
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



**T**HE Sun on December 28 printed a comprehensive editorial indictment of President Roosevelt. When he succeeded McKinley, it said, he had promised to be good. Has he been good? Look at the country, says the *Sun*. The times have been immensely prosperous, and folks ought to be abnormally happy and contented. But look at them! Class arrayed against class. Enmity and hatred between employer and employee; "the rich held up to universal execration and assailed in the pillory Mr. Roosevelt has built for them"; impatience of law and intolerance of judges; constituted authorities set at defiance; more unrest and uneasiness in the air than there was before Sumter was fired on. So the *Sun* says, and avers that President Roosevelt has done it.

Nonsense! Things are not nearly so awful as the *Sun* says, and the blame for what disquietude there is must be much more widely distributed. Prosperity does not make folks meek and easy-going. It never did. Long, long ago, "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked." Ask Thomas Ryan and Nelson Aldrich if it is not true that the more we have the more we want. They know. The times are good, but they are excessively expensive. It is not true that the rich are universally execrated, nor that Mr. Roosevelt has built a pillory in which they are assailed. So far as the evils the *Sun* complains of exist, they exist because too many smart men have been too smart, and, hogging unconsciously, by aid of scandalous tariffs and acquiescent railroads, have oppressed, plundered or defrauded too many people. Some of these smart men have been law-breakers; others have been smart enough to secure and enjoy legally inequitable

advantages. The gist of it all is that in the rapid and wonderful development of our country, industrial opportunity outran proper restraint. To strengthen restraint to just the necessary degree is a delicate job, and not to be accomplished without railings from the injured.

Nor has Mr. Roosevelt been the only, or even the chief, exciter of impatience. Hearst has been at it hard. So has Bryan. So have the labor leaders and the ten-cent magazines and most of the newspapers. Mr. Roosevelt has said and done a good many things that were rash, and some, no doubt, that were wrong. The *Sun's* advice to him to "abate his transports and use his mighty influence to guide people into safer and more peaceful ways," seems to us to be sound advice. Its charge that his best achievements have been done "with such excitement and such superfluous circumstance as to upset the public mind and derange the sober course of justice," has too much basis. We wish he would cultivate meekness, tranquillity, and even, it may be, a little judicious indolence. But to make him a scapegoat for all the sins of the people is absurd.



**T**HE President seems not to appreciate the solicitude of Congress to make sure that he was right in discharging the Brownsville companies of the Twenty-fifth Infantry. He has been quoted as saying that he proposed to stick to his verdict just as long as he could, no matter what Congress might do. Maybe he said so; maybe not, for who can tell what the President says? But it is not important what he said, for, of course, he ordered the companies dismissed because he thought that course was just, lawful and necessary, and, of course, he will stick to his position just as long as it seems to him to have been the right position. But if Congress, or any one else, can demonstrate that what he did was not lawful or was not just, who can doubt that the President will do his best to make his conduct square with law and justice?

To our mind, the record of facts on which he acted was weak, not so much because the allegations were not true as because they were so ill attested. And the effort to separate the sheep from the goats

in those companies seemed a feeble one, though maybe the job is extra difficult when both sheep and goats are black.

It is only a supposition that the men who shot up Brownsville were soldiers of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, but it is a supposition that all the probabilities favor, and that no evidence has been offered to upset. That it was generally known in the companies who did the shooting does not seem at this distance to have been likely at all. We should be glad to see better evidence of the existence of the "conspiracy of silence," including all the men in the companies. Perhaps that will come out in the trials of the white officers, and perhaps it will be determined presently whether the President had authority under the law to dismiss the men without trial.

One important thought is worth remembering in connection with this Brownsville tangle, and that is that the negro troops exist as troops for the convenience of the country, and not the country for the convenience of the troops. Whether the negro troops are good fighting men or not, whenever it becomes too inconvenient or hazardous to keep them in garrisons, they will cease to exist as troops.

And it should also be remembered that the President's action, widely approved in the South because of its usefulness in "keeping the negro in his place," was doubtless intended much rather to keep a place for the negro. If the negro regiments are once thoroughly discredited, it is all up with them.



**M**R. CARNEGIE is still for simplified spelling, and writes to the New York *Times* that now, since there is no official pressure trying to force any one to accept changes, it ought to listen to wise counsel and adopt "tho."

There is plenty to say for "tho," if the question of the constitutional rights of American citizens does not enter into it. The readiest way to get "tho" adopted would seem to be to begin by encouraging spellers to write it "tho" in expectation that they will leave off the apostrophe as soon as their consciences become sufficiently hardened.

The thin end of simplified spelling is indicated contraction. The impossible big end of it is official compulsion.



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## • LIFE •



## MAXIMS FOR BACHELORS

A WATCHED POT NEVER BOILS

## Gray for To-day

LET not Ambition mock their useless toil,  
Their splendid joys, their elegance, and sick;  
Nor Envy hear, with a disdainful smile,  
The long and showy annals of the rich.

## Man

A MAN'S life is full of crosses  
and temptations.

He comes into this world without his consent, and goes out against his will, and the trip between the two is exceedingly rocky. The rule of the contraries is one of the important features of the trip.

When he is little, the big girls kiss him; but when he is grown, the little girls kiss him.

If he is poor, he is a bad manager; if he is rich, he is dishonest.

If he needs credit, he can't get it; if he is prosperous, every one wants to do him a favor.

If he's in politics, it's for pie; if he's out of politics, you can't place him, and he's no good for his country.



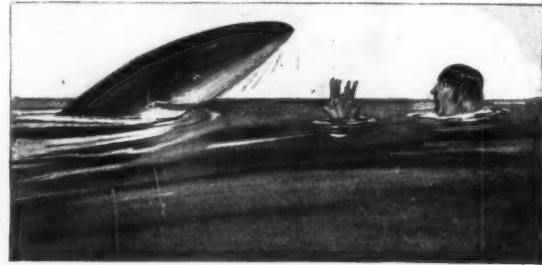
If he doesn't give to charity, he is a stingy cuss; if he does, it is for show.

If he is actively religious, he is a hypocrite; if he takes no interest in religion, he is a hardened sinner.

If he shows affection, he is a soft specimen; if he seems to care for no one, he is cold-blooded.

If he dies young, there was a great future ahead of him; if he lives to an old age, he has missed his calling.

The road is rocky, but man loves to travel it.



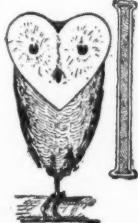
## NEW YEAR'S AT SEA

"I WILL BE KIND!" THE SHARK RESOLVED;  
"RIGHT NOW WILL I BEGIN.  
MARK YON EMBARRASSED STRANGER WHOM  
I MEAN TO TAKE RIGHT IN!"

# • LIFE •

53

## The Danger of Cleverness



**T**HIS WAS toward the fag-end of the belated Sunday breakfast—belated, for Tom had been mildly dissipating the night before—that his wife playfully accused him. There was arch suspicion in Bessie's pretty glance, as she said:

"Tom, I found a long, beautiful hair, a blond hair, on your Tuxedo this morning."

Tom regarded her amiably. "Of course it must have been a blond hair," he returned in a like tone of banter, "or you wouldn't have noticed it."

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?" she demanded.

"Nothing, except that it's fate, I suppose. Every woman will sooner or later find a strange hair on her husband's coat. It is something every woman should be educated to expect."

"Why, Tom!?"

He was speculating on the essential jealousy of woman, and as if she misinterpreted his look of seriousness her round eyes surveyed him with something like a reality of suspicion.

"Why don't you say something for yourself?" she persisted, half playfully, half petulantly.

For no reason in the world he all at once felt foolish; whereat her look became the wider and it burned him to his discomfort. There was no way out of his self-consciousness except to laugh. So he laughed. But the laugh was not a success, and only served to deepen Bessie's little frown.

"If every woman should be educated to expect strange blond hairs," said she, "then every man ought to be prepared to explain them away."

"Very well. Some fellow may have put it there for a joke."

"Rather a coarse joke, I should say," she sniffed.

"Or it might have been swimming through the atmosphere, through the infinite void, and just happened to light there."

"Go on," she insisted.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed! "One could go on explaining all day. Think how many millions of loose hairs are circulating about the universe, and how many thousands of ways they might get on a fellow's shoulder!"

"But I'm interested in just that one hair," she urged illogically, sipping her coffee.

"Let's see," he reflected, pursuing his light tone. "It might have transferred itself from the hangings in the theatre box. It might have got there directly out of a woman's head, and, you know, I believe that's the best explanation of all."

"Tom! What are you saying!"

"Why not?" he replied evenly. "The aisle was very crowded as we came out of the theatre, and I dare say I passed dozens of blondes."

There was an audible sigh of relief from Bessie. Presently she added:

"Well?"

"You seem determined to put me to a great deal of ingenuity," he commented. "However"—

"I don't just like that word ingenuity," she interjected.

"The hair might have got in my over-coat in the cloak-room at the club, or I might have picked it up in the cab coming home."

Bessie arose and came around and sat on Tom's knee. "Tom," she said very uneasily, "I wish you weren't so glib—so clever. I'd ask you for dozens more of those explanations if I weren't afraid you could give them. I'm sorry I said anything about finding a hair."

He smiled, rather relieved. But her concern was almost tearful. "The truth is, Tom," she continued, "that I didn't find any hair on your coat. I was just funning—and I hate to think how easily you disposed of it. Just suppose there had been a hair on your shoulder! I can't bear to think of it—you would have cleared yourself just the same."

"I suppose," he deduced, "that truth ought never to be plausible. It ought to be homely and awkward so as to be distinguished from a graceful falsehood."

"And husbands oughtn't to be clever, because cleverness is so like deception. How can a woman ever be sure that a clever husband isn't all that cleverness is used to conceal?"

For answer he gathered her tight in his arms.

*Lewis Benjamin Ely.*

**FOLLETTE (recently married)**: A man is called a "Benedict" when he is married. What is a girl called under the same circumstances?

**ANNA (also recently married)**: Well, it depends altogether on what she marries!

## A Wail (or Wal)

**I**CANNOT spell the old words now; I know not what to dough; Perplexed enuf by all the stough That I am wading thru. Perplexed, indeed, to knough altho The roe of shad is *not* spelt rough, Woe *should* be wo and whoa be whoough? I do or dough not knough or no.

O Wo!  
(Or wough!)

## Thrift

**H**RIFT is an old-fashioned method of saving, employed by our grandfathers, and bears about the same relation to the modern dollar-getting industry that the spinning-wheel bears to a pair of silk hose. Let us abridge our mirth, however, for, crude and inadequate as it would be to-day, we must remember that their wants were few and simple as compared with ours.

Thrift has a plain, homespun sound and is too suggestive of rigorous morality and deferred autos to cause any fear that it will ever be revived as a popular vehicle of success.

*Walter W. Rice.*



JANUARY 11

ASTOR DANCES BEGIN AT HOTEL ASTOR



JANUARY 12

HARVARD AND COLUMBIA HOCKEY GAME AT  
ST. NICHOLAS RINK



# The Human Zoo

## Lodge



**SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE** is the custodian of the New England conscience, the protector of the tariff, the guardian of the cod-fish industry, the Herodotus of East Boston and the mouthpiece of a President seldom charged with dumbness or diffidence.

Henry is as hot-blooded as a Siberian seal, as passionate as lemonade, as pleasant as a pickle, as friendly as a fasting tiger and as suave as prickly heat, yet he is not called a good mixer. He is popular in Washington when he is in Nahant, and in Boston when he is in the capital; and when his voice, sweet and firm as an ungreased hinge, rings out for righteousness, the canteen trembles and the W. C. T. U. thrills.

Mr. Lodge has been termed the Scholar in Politics by his admirers. His politics consists of the distribution of jobs to his partisans and language to his party; and his scholarship is based on bird's-eye views of Hamilton and other dead ones and membership in the Nahant Poets' Union. While neither statesman nor demagogue, a respect for the law of physics has saved his eloquence from being stigmatized as hot air. Without avoiding the prophetic pose, he has never been termed a voice crying in the wilderness, since he has modestly declined the invitations of his rivals to become a Lodge in some vast wilderness and to hike to some boundless contiguity of space. Senator Lodge is a correct and respectable Personage, a Harvard Pillar, a Back Bay Brahmin; the frugal and frappé virtues of the Puritan stir his tepid soul profoundly, and in rallying the Republic to the riotous reforms of the Rough Rider, he has been known to work himself into a fever where his Anglo-Saxon

blood has rushed tumultuously up to almost ten above zero.

Despite the fact that he has no war record—Civil or San Juan—and that he is a clamorous friend of the downtrodden negro—in the Congo—the People have uttered no Macedonian cry for him to enter the White House.

Senator Lodge smokes cigarettes, plays forty-five, is a consistent member of the Elks and Eagles, and has no vices visible to the naked eye. *J. S.*

## Religion and Politics



**R**EV. MR. AKED, the London pastor who is practically booked to do a pastoral stunt at Mr. Rockefeller's Baptist church, near Fifth Avenue, says: "I have a very charitable view of American millionaires. I have seen them myself, and since coming in close contact with them I have formed a very high opinion of them." Naturally; but doesn't he talk like a politician? There never was a real politician, who knew his business, that didn't feel just as Mr. Aked says he feels. And politics and religion are so wide apart, too. But the politician is wiser than Mr. Aked is, for he doesn't go about telling the newspapers how he feels after coming into close contact with a millionaire. We do not know why he does not, but he does not. Indeed, if he says anything at all—under pressure—he will swear on a stack of Bibles as high as a church steeple that he wouldn't touch a millionaire with a ten-foot pole. As before stated, religion and politics are so wide apart, don't you know? Amen.

## Everybody Satisfied

**T**HREE was very little complaint of Governor Higgins for commuting

Lawyer Patrick's sentence to imprisonment for life. It is so long ago—five years—since Patrick was tried that most of us have forgotten most of what we knew about the fine points of the case. But what with the dubious credibility of Jones, the valet, and the conflict of expert testimony as to what the autopsy revealed, it promises to be debatable for a long time to come whether Patrick did really so far forget himself as to give poison to the venerable Mr. Rice. So long as the guilt of a person convicted of murder still invites debate, it seems handier to have him in prison under a life sentence than dead by action of the law.

## A Personal Inquiry

**W**HERE is William Randolph Hearst? This is no idle conundrum. We know the answer politically, but what of his whereabouts personally, physically? Has he faded like a vision of the noble and the good, in the shadows which envelop what is never understood? Has he lifted up the burden of the honest millionaire, and is toting it through regions that are ever right and fair? Has he left this mundane spheroid which the money demons own, and is hiking to the summits where the lemon is unknown?

## Gambetta's Letters

**T**HE death in Paris of Mme. Léonie Léon and the appearance in print of Gambetta's letters to her add another to the long list of published love letters. Whatever her charm to others, she undoubtedly had for the great republican leader what has been aptly described by Shenstone as intellectual irritation.

It is a question which has the more piquant appeal, the attitude of this

lonely little lady who, during her last days, loved to show how she had been loved by the great Gambetta or the fact that she has bequeathed these epistles of her free-thinking lover to a sister in the Order of Benedictines.

#### Have Courage, Ladies!



**H**E redeeming feature of the episode of Mrs. Trautman was the courage and good sense of that lady herself. So far as appears, she seems to have been at no time very seriously discomposed by her adventure. She submitted to arrest on complaint of a stranger, not without protest and expostulation, but without making a scene. So, throughout, she kept command of her faculties, avoided hysterics and endured serious annoyance with composure, making the very best of what was a bad job.

It is mortifying to all New York that a lady should have been arrested, held for trial and tried on a ridiculously false charge, as Mrs. Trautman was, but such things will sometimes happen. A stupid lout made the charge against her, but apparently he made it in good faith. The police did not show superhuman intelligence in dealing with the case, but neither were they much to blame. That the lady came through her experiences unharmed and with so much credit is chiefly due to her own self-control. Besides giving our police force a lesson in caution, she gave to all our womenkind an excellent example of deportment under trying circumstances.

Women suffer vastly more from fear than they do from the ordinary objects of their fear—drunken men, impudent men and the like. To the woman who is not afraid, the streets of New York are fairly safe. About the worst that can happen to her is such a misadventure as Mrs. Trautman was the victim of, and she showed—to the advantage of the community—that even out of such a misadventure a courageous woman will come scatheless and with credit.

#### The Two R's

**R**OOSEVELT and the Rockefeller Rock Oil Combine are now facing each other in the courts to determine finally which is to be It in this republic.

It seems a pity these two elements should be in opposition; they ought to get together ethically if not politically. Rockefeller needs sand in his craw; Theodore needs oil on his wheels; the combination would be admirably calculated to produce terror in the Boston circles of anti-ism; but the union is not to be. The two R's—Roosevelt and Rockefeller—have always been anti-pathetic. In art the President affected the genre and ginger, the oil man the nude and bald; in politics one was vociferous, positive, belligerent, the other silent, soft, suave; socially they represented the gregarious and isolate, the mixer and the solitary; they had nothing in common but a mutual dislike. Even in literature they were divergent: Roosevelt went in for Homer and Walt Whitman; Rockefeller for Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Tom Moore. *Blades of Grass* being the nearest thing to blades of steel, appealed to the militant President; the nearest approach to a rebate being the Veiled Prophet, Moore touched the oil man in a tender spot.

#### Rich Nuisances



**T**HE activities of some of our millionaires who have outlived their capacity or desire to accumulate is one of the serious problems of modern life. It was recently announced that Mr. James J. Hill contemplated retirement, but Mr. Hill came forward and promptly denied the allegation. "Mr. Carnegie," says the *World*, in commenting upon this fact, "retired many years ago, and has been fluttering from onefad to another in a vain effort to find an outlet for his restless energy."

"He fastens a library upon a thoughtless community that has had no experience in driving bargains with Scotch ironmasters, and the taxpayers come out of their trance to discover that they have mortgaged the patrimony of generations. He undertakes to finance an arbitrary 'reform' of the English spelling, only to get

the President of the United States into a muss with Congress and set the whole country to squabbling. He builds peace palaces about which architects and nations quarrel. He gives hero medals from which heroes fly in terror. He talks nonsense in the newspapers and tries the souls of patient people, all because he has retired from business and finds himself hard pressed for something to do.

"As long as Mr. Carnegie was running a steel mill, shaking down the Pennsylvania Railroad for rebates, inserting an occasional blowhole in a piece of armor plate, or shaving prices in favor of the foreign consumer, we could all reconcile ourselves to him. He might have made the public angry, but he did not make it yawn."

#### Rockefeller, Too

The *World* goes on to say that "Mr. Rockefeller's case is equally deplorable. While he was the acknowledged chief of all the band of corporation buccaneers he was a silent and fascinating figure. Editors would have given their ears to know what Mr. Rockefeller thought about this thing or that thing. Men speculated about him vaguely, as they do about other inscrutable mysteries of nature, knowing all the time that they were building up Mr. Rockefeller's fortune for him and wondering how he got their money away from them.

"Since Mr. Rockefeller retired he has become more garrulous than Mr. Carnegie and even less sufferable. He peddles platitudes from Lakewood to Tarrytown. He bores the reporters to death. He poses for photographs with all the coy affectation of a chorus girl. He tries to tell everybody how to regulate his business, his religion, his morals, his amusements, his diet, and how long he ought to sleep. In idleness Mr. Rockefeller becomes intolerable."

#### The "What's the Matter?" Contest

**T**HE readers of LIFE have sent in such an overwhelmingly large number of solutions to the query propounded in connection with the series of pictures of the gentleman at the telephone, that it will not be possible to award the prizes quickly and do justice to competitors.

LIFE hopes to be able to announce the result within the next fortnight—certainly within the next three weeks.

LIFE

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ewenkemble

THE DUEL SCENE FROM

AS WE MAY SEE IT AT THE NEW NATIONAL (2) THEATRE, UNDER

LIFE ·



UEL SCENE FROM HAMLET

AL (?) THEATRE, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF HERR HEINRICH CONRIED



### A World of Dreams and a Bit of Fun



**T**HE ROAD TO YESTERDAY" isn't an imitation of Mr. Barrie's "Peter Pan," but it irresistibly recalls and was doubtless in some degree inspired by the great vogue of the Barrie play. This impression is not lessened by a certain imitativeness of Maude Adams's manner by Minnie Dupree. The "Yesterday" to which the latter traverses the road is far less fanciful than the "Never Never Land" where the former performs her doughty deeds. It is made up of bits from the pseudo-historical novels which were the fashion in fiction little while ago, and is reached by aid of a dream caused by the heroine's indigestion.

The thread of the story is woven from one phase of the theory of metempsychosis. On the present assumption the soul goes marching on from the individual in one generation to other individuals in later generations, until by a sort of debit and credit account of good and bad deeds an exact balance is struck. This theory is not worked out very definitely, but is exploited sufficiently for the purposes of the play by a gentleman who was a very bad gentleman indeed three centuries ago, but meanwhile has gone through troubles enough to marry happily in the last act, which brings him down to our own time with his accounts settled.

The patching together of the real and the fanciful in "The Road to Yesterday" is a good deal more like rough carpentering than skilful dramatic cabinet-work. The unfinished joints make it a little difficult for the spectator to pass easily from the life of to-day to the life of 1603, the talk and explanation required serving rather to interfere with the dramatic action and to perplex rather than to aid the imagination. Confusion is, of course, a characteristic of dreams, and the authors of this piece had no easy task to carry to the mind of the audience just how the romance-fed girl, whose brain was congested with fiction as her digestive apparatus was with food, mixed up the identity of her friends and relatives of to-day with characters of long ago. The result is amusing in itself and rather cleverly satirizes the gadzooks school of novels.

Scenically "The Road to Yesterday" is well done and the cast is a fairly good one. Minnie Dupree is the overstrung girl who becomes the charming, elfish, boy-girl heroine of the dream story. Like the others, she is much more effective in the early English episodes than in the modern ones, but in its entirety her performance shows more ability than she has evinced in any other part. Helen Ware's excellent delineation of the girl who was an attractive brunette in the present and a very intense gipsy in the past, confirms the previously recorded good impression of her artistic possibilities. Among the men's portrayals Mr. Dempster's actual and dream hero stood out as particularly clean-cut and earnest.

It is not time entirely thrown away to sit through "The Road to Yesterday." It certainly makes an appeal to something a little higher than the senses. \* \* \*

**T**HE new entertainment at Weber's is on a higher plane than any of its predecessors. A larger proportion of brains has been injected into the work of the librettist and the music is of a more musicianly quality. The fun is not so rollicking, but is of a more

refined order. There is enough fun as the "show" is at present, but it will doubtless be rapidly increased in quantity.

A two-act skit on the Long Island land speculation is first on the programme. This also is a dream play, as suggested by its title, "The Dream City," and gives good opportunities for the many clever artists with whom Mr. Weber has had the good sense to surround himself. He is entirely at home, first as the Long Island farmer whose property is sought by the enterprising and imaginative real-estate boomer, and later as the millionaire who in a dream has been "boomed" into fabulous wealth. The play gives opportunity for several of Cecilia Loftus's really remarkable imitations. The best of these is a long-sustained one of Rose Stahl's *Patricia*. So long as Cecilia Loftus is within reach the original "chorus lady" need never lack a wonderfully faithful understudy. Mr. Will T. Hodge as the local hackman is rurality personified, and Mr. Farkoa's agreeable voice and personality are valuable additions to the Weber forces. Lillian Lee as *Mrs. Dinglebender*, the dreamer's realistic and overenergetic wife, and Madelyn Marshall as *Amanda Boggs*, the general helplessness, are picturesque additions to the company. Without a multitude of pretty and shapely girls a Weber entertainment would not be a Weber entertainment, and this year's crop is quite up to that of other seasons.

The concluding act is "The Magic Knight," a musical burlesque of the Wagner idea of opera. In it Mr. Victor Herbert gives his humor full play in the score and Mr. Edgar Smith catches the infection in the book. The basis of the fun is the "Lohengrin"



"I THINK YOU SPOKE, SIRE?"

*King of All the Cannibals:* I DID. I SAID THAT WE WOULD NOW HAVE A CHANCE TO DECORATE OUR INTERIORS WITH SOME OF THIS MISSION FURNITURE WE'VE BEEN HEARING ABOUT.



## THE NEW ENTERTAINMENT AT WEBER'S

music and story, although the curtain is announced by something very like the "Parsifal" introductory fanfare of trumpets about the lobbies. After this the Wagnerian absurdities are successively and successfully attacked in detail by Lillian Blauvelt as *Elsa*, Cora Tracy as *Ortrud*, Otis Harlan as *Frederick*, Frank Belcher as *The King*, Maurice Farkoa as *Lohengrin*, and W. L. Romaine as the kind of Wagnerian herald provided by Herr Heinrich Conried. Those who have been bored by Wagner will find the performances of these artists not only a faithful, but a laughable burlesque. Worshippers of the Bayreuth saint might consider it sacrilege.

The whole performance is a good care-dispeller and satisfactory to eye, ear and the risibles.

\* \* \*

A NOTHER gloom-destroyer is the very pleasant little farcical comedy "Caught in the Rain," done by Mr. William Collier and an unusually competent support at the Garrick. If Mr. Collier had a little more caste, just a trifle more of the Vere de Vere, in his composition, there would apparently be no limit to his possibilities as a comedian. He has plenty of self-confidence, lots of the assurance that passes for repose of manner, but falls just short of the distinction, the finish, the innate ease which would entitle him to the blue ribbon. All the same, he ranks most of those comedians on our stage who have achieved more celebrity, and in his present role has no difficulty in keeping his hearers pleased and interested every moment he is before them. Even to mention the names of the clever people in the cast who do very excellent light comedy work would be only to reproduce the programme in its entirety. Almost

every one is a well-known artist, and they all, individually and collectively, are entitled to commendation.

Mr. Grant Stewart and Mr. Collier are the authors of an unusually bright little play, which ought to make many an audience laugh during the long run which it deserves and seems likely to enjoy. *Metcalfe*.



*Academy of Music*—"The Girl of the Golden West," with Blanche Bates and original cast. Strong and interesting drama of California's early mining days.

*Astor*—"The Straight Road," with Blanche Walsh as the star. Notice later.

*Belasco*—"The Rose of the Rancho." Charmingly staged and well-acted play of the early days of Mexican California, with Frances Starr in the leading part.

*Bijou*—Mr. Henri de Vries in "The Double Life." This excellent actor's talents wasted on an inferior play.

*Casino*—Paula Edwardes in "Princess Beggar." Notice later.

*Empire*—Maude Adams in "Peter Pan," Mr. Barrie's fantastic fairy play, enjoyable for both children and grown-ups.

*Garden*—Mr. Henry W. Savage's opera company in "The Student King." Musical, well-staged and well-sung real comic opera.

*Garrick*—Mr. William Collier in "Caught in the Rain." See above.

*Hackett*—Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady." Facetious play of gay life in New York. Well done.

*Herald Square*—"The Road to Yesterday." See opposite.

*Hippodrome*—"Neptune's Daughter" and "Pioneer Days." Brilliant spectacle, remarkable water effects, ballet and circus.

*Lincoln Square*—"Matilda." Notice later.

*Lyric*—"The New York Idea," with Mrs. Fiske as principal interpreter. Witty satire very well acted.

*Madison Square*—"The Three of Us." Charmingly realistic play of American life in the West, artistically staged and acted.

*Majestic*—Mr. Henry Woodruff in the popular "Brown of Harvard." Amusing drama of college life.

*Manhattan*—Mr. Wilton Lackaye in "The Law and the Man." His own melodramatic version of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." Highly interesting and picturesque.

*Princess*—"The Great Divide." Mr. Moody's American play. Absorbing story well acted by company headed by Miss Anglin and Mr. Henry Miller.

*Proctor's Theatres*—Vaudeville.

*Weber's*—"The Dream City" and "The Magic Knight." See opposite.



"O, POP! COME RIGHT OUT NOW. YOU'VE BEEN IN LONG ENOUGH TO-DAY."

—Sally

## · LIFE ·



WE OWE a debt of grateful acknowledgment to Miss Elizabeth Bisland in that, having undertaken the congenial task of writing the biography of Lafcadio Hearn, and having in the course of her preparatory labors unearthed an undreamed of mine of literary ore in the correspondence preserved by Mr. Hearn's friends, she has foregone her own opportunity and given up over three-fourths of her two volumes to the publication of these varied and delightful letters. Intellectually and temperamentally Lafcadio Hearn was an accident of ethnical cross-breeding, blessed and cursed with the soul-sensibilities of two races yet denied the creative virility of either. His mind had an almost chemical affinity for curious knowledge, forgotten lore and the illusive impulses of long-buried instincts. Led by a fortunate chance to the Far East, it is as an interpreter between the minds of the Orient and the Occident that he will be remembered, but in these letters he has, with charming grace and spontaneity, poured out himself, his sympathies and his enthusiasms and they will be read with many-sided pleasure by admirers of the forgotten art of which they are examples.

The pamphlet entitled *A Great Iniquity*, originally addressed by Leo Tolstoi to the English speaking peoples through the columns of the London

*Times*, apart from the interest which attaches to its author, is chiefly interesting as an example of the radical futility of pure altruism or pure logic. In attacking private ownership in land Leo Tolstoi, like Henry George and Henry George's predecessors, labors under the hopeless disadvantage of elaborating an argument in the validity of which every one acquiesces but whose conclusions hardly any one is willing to see enforced. The present order is a great iniquity. The present game is a bunco game. We all know it and most of us are clamoring for a change of rules which will give us a better show in the taking of tricks. But only when the majority are convinced that their last personal chance of a look-in is gone will they seriously consider abolishing the game and inaugurating a new one.

We can remember (that is some of us can) when the kind of mystery upon which hangs Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's story *The Man in the Case* was a favorite peg whereby hung many a tale. But it has been a long time since any one has dared hang anything on it and so there must be a great many people to whom the hanging will prove a novelty. It is a shabby trick to tell tales out of school about mysteries—even about ostrich-like mysteries which leave their tails in full view while their heads are buried—and we will only say that this one is located in New England and is surrounded by some pleasant people.

K. and H. Pritchard have written a new series of extracts from the adventures of their Spanish Robin Hood which they call *Don Q. in the Sierra*. Like the first instalment these stories play successfully upon the perennial sympathy with the chivalrous rebel against the law which is found in all of us and the freshness of the situations and ingenious turns of the little plots prove quite entertainingly that the authors had not exhausted the possibilities of their hero.

But the most striking of the recent



THE HORN OF PLENTY

short stories is to be found in a collection called *Caybigan*, by one James Hopper. Several times since our purchase of the Philippines and the Filipinos there have been desultory attempts to induce literature to follow the flag but Mr. Hopper's is the most successful. He has a quick perception of the broad human drama hidden by the sordid details of petty tragedy and a vocabulary which, while of decidedly tropical luxuriance, is kept well in hand and used with calculated boldness. His stories are the first fruits of imperialism, which is an ill-favored thing but our own.

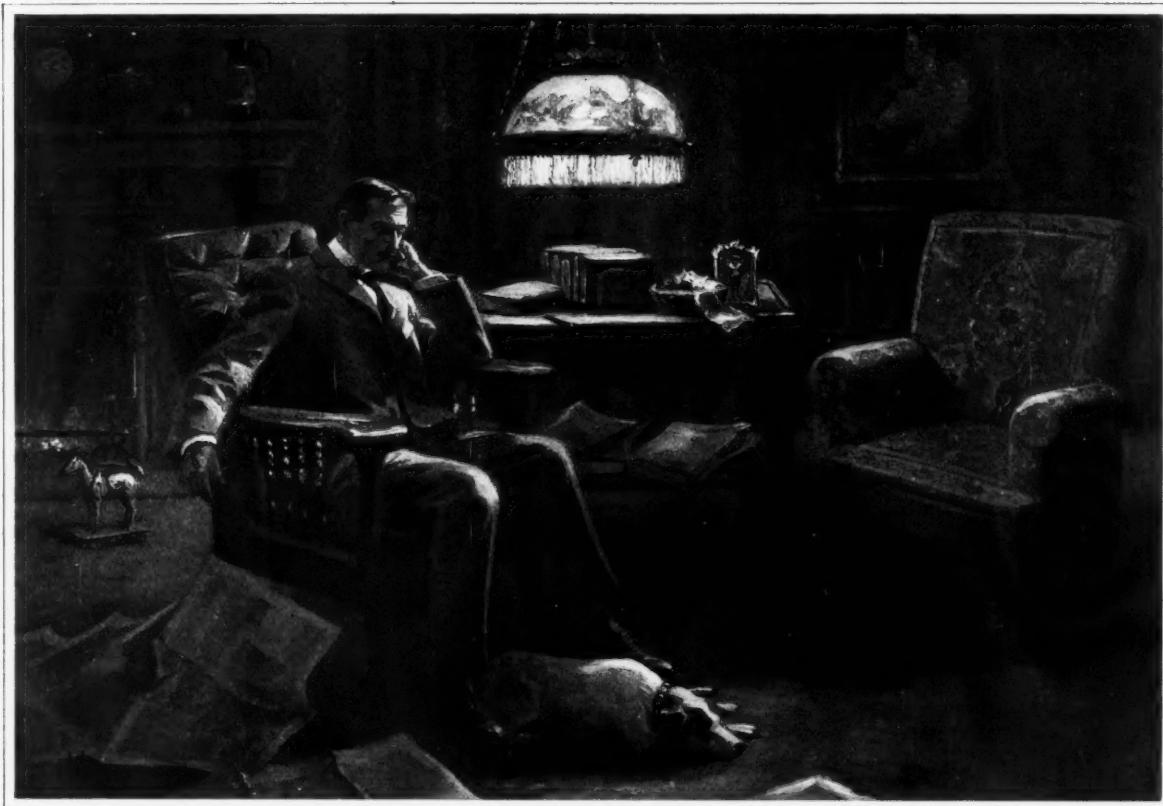
Bishop Talbot's *My People of the Plains* is a volume of interesting and frequently amusing reminiscences of the twelve years during which the author labored as Missionary Bishop of Wyoming and Idaho. We use the word missionary without prejudice and with due apologies. Wyoming and Idaho in the 80's cared very little for the cut of a man's cloth and a great deal for the location of his heart and the quality of his manhood, and both of these are unconsciously revealed in these informal pages.

*Witch's Gold*, by Hamlin Garland, is a story built around a complication in a mining venture and the quickening influence of love upon the normal conscience. Its scenes are on Cripple Creek and the Flanks of Pikes Peak and it is told, as Mr. Garland tells his stories, with a look-you-in-the-eye kind of belief in them which is catching but with an



THE KNAVE TOOK THE TEN-SPOT.

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FOR SHE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW

*A Companion-Picture*



FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW

admixture of shoddy in the sentiment which injures the flavor.

*J. B. Kerfoot.*

*The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn*, by Elizabeth Bisland. Two volumes. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$6.00.)

*A Great Iniquity*, by Leo Tolstoi. (The Public Publishing Company, Chicago.)

*The Man in the Case*, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)

*Don Q. in the Sierra*, by K. and H. Pritchard. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.50.)

*Caybigan*, by James Hopper. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.50.)

*My People of the Plains*, by Ethelbert Talbot, Bishop of Central Pennsylvania. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.75.)

*Witch's Gold*, by Hamlin Garland. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)



THERE is a belief in this office that most of LIFE's readers are not indifferent to the welfare of their four-footed friends. Unless that belief is erroneous the following note will be of interest. It may not be the fault of man that he is the dog's inferior in point of unselfishness and general all-around devotion, but that is no excuse for not helping his betters when in trouble:

DEAR LIFE:

The Bide-a-Wee Home, which rescues lost dogs and cats from the streets and finds homes for any animals given into its care, was founded about three years ago. Since then, although hampered by lack of funds, for it is supported entirely by voluntary contributions, it has sheltered almost four thousand animals and found homes for three thousand. The incurables are hu-

manely destroyed. This charity should appeal to a large number of people who are lovers of animals and sympathize with their sufferings. And it also should appeal to those who appreciate the improved condition of the streets when cleared of diseased and starving cats and dogs.

Bide-a-Wee invites the public to visit its home and see the good work it accomplishes. Visiting hours from 11 to 3 (except Sunday), and abandoned animals received at any time.

Please don't forget these poor beasts, and help us to give them a chance, for with more money the work could be more than doubled.

Very sincerely,

(Signed) NATHOLIE DE CASTRO.

MRS. COBBLE: Your husband is a very nervous man, isn't he?

MRS. STONE: Oh, yes. He's never been able to have his picture taken.

"But now they do it instantaneously—in the thousandth part of a second."

"I know it. But that's too long for him to sit still."



A DEFINITION

A stick and a ball and a wee, small boy,  
A whack, and the ball is off;  
A walk of a mile; then do it again.  
And that is the game of golf —*Lippincott's*.

AN IMPASSIONED ACROSTIC

*From President Roosevelt's message to Congress on the Brownsville affair, arranged by the "Sun."*

I have acted on the principle thus advocated. In the North as in the South,  
I have appointed colored men of high character to office.  
I have sought to secure for the colored people all their rights under the law.  
I have done all  
I could to secure them equal school training.  
I have striven to break up peonage;  
I have upheld the hands of those who, like Judge Jones and Judge Speer, have warred against this peonage, because I would hold myself to be unfit to be President, if I did not feel the same revolt at wrong done a colored man as I feel at wrong done a white man.  
I have condemned in unstinted terms the crime of lynching perpetrated by white men, and I should take instant advantage of any opportunity whereby I could bring to justice a mob of lynchers. In precisely the same spirit  
I have now acted with reference to these colored men who have been guilty of a black and dastardly crime. In one policy, as in the other,  
I do not claim as a favor, but I challenge as a right, the support of every citizen of this country, provided only he has in him the spirit of genuine and far-sighted patriotism.

MR. DOOLEY ON AUTOMOBILES

"Mr. Dooley," in his "Dissertations," recently published by the Harpers, has a few delightful words on automobiles:  
"Do I think th' autymobill has come to stay? Sure, I'll niver tell ye. I've seen all th' wurruld but me on roller skates. I've seen ivrybody ridin' a bicycle but me. Tin years ago, whin ye'er son was holdin' on to ye'er ar-rms as ye reeled up th' street on a wheel, sayin' ye'er prayers wan minyit an' th' reverse another, ye tol' me that th' bicycile had come to stay because it was nicensry to get around quick. To-day ye blush as I mention it. Th' autymobill will stay till it gets cheap enough f'r ivrybody to have wan. Whin th' little, eager messenger boys is dashin' up th' street in a eighty horse-power Demon Terror th' rich will be flyin' kites or r-runnin' balloons, an' they'll be a parachute foorce iv polismen to chase them acrost th' skies."

NOVELIST'S INSPIRATION

Maxim Gorky, who is writing a book at Naples: "Vesuvius is the best inspiration for painting the Russian eruption."—*Vienna Humoristische Blätter*.

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FICTION STRANGER THAN TRUTH

A magazine editor was talking about W. W. Jacobs, the famous humorist.

"I went abroad this summer," he said, "to try and get Mr. Jacobs to write for me; but I found that he had all he could do for six or seven years to come."

"He is a quiet, modest chap. When I praised his wonderful skill in the writing of short stories, he said that it was only their surprises that made his stories take."

"Then, to illustrate what he meant, he told me a story wherein the surprises came fast and furious."

"He said that a lawyer, defending a man accused of house-breaking, spoke like this:

"Your Honor, I submit that my client did not break into the house at all. He found the parlor window open and merely inserted his right arm and removed a few trifling articles. Now, my client's arm is not himself, and I fail to see how you can punish the whole individual for an offense committed by only one of his limbs."

"That argument," said the judge, "is very well put. Following it logically, I sentence the defendant's arm to one year's imprisonment. He can accompany it or not, as he chooses."

"The defendant smiled, and with his lawyer's assistance unscrewed his cork arm and, leaving it in the dock, walked out."—*Detroit Free Press*.

ALL ALONE

Rustem Pasha, at one time Turkish ambassador to the Court of St. James, was very fond of England, but having a high notion of the dignity of an ambassador, who represents his sovereign, he was greatly dissatisfied with certain court customs. In a word, England was too democratic for Rustem Pasha.

One day he was, for the hundredth time, perhaps, comparing notes on diplomatic privileges in Continental courts and at the Court of St. James with Count de Bylandt, who was at that time Dutch minister, when the count said to him, slyly:

"You talk of ambassadors, but, my dear friend, there is only one ambassador in London."

"What!" exclaimed Rustem Pasha, who in these matters was always serious, and did not see the mischief in Count de Bylandt's eye, "What? We are seven."

"My dear Pasha," said Count de Bylandt, "there is only one ambassador—the United States minister!"

"This," declares the narrator of the anecdote in the *Cornhill Magazine*, "neatly expressed the importance of the representative of the great American republic accredited to the Court of St. James."

CHICAGO RAILLERY

Representative Mann, of Illinois, never loses an opportunity to extol the glories and material prosperity of Chicago.

One day he was holding forth in his usual strain, when he touched upon the part played by the railroads in that prosperity. "Statistics show," declared the member from Illinois, "that 1,150 trains arrive in Chicago daily. These trains—run by some twenty-four companies—carry over 165,000 passengers. The railways have been a strong factor in making Chicago what it is to-day."

Whereupon Congressman McCall, of Massachusetts, smilingly interjected:

"Mann, that's an awful charge to prefer against the railways!"—*Harper's Weekly*.

THINK THIS OVER

Of troubles conubial, jars and divorce,  
This, we believe, is the fruitfullest source—  
A man falls in love with a dimple or curl,  
Then foolishly marries the entire girl.

—*Boston Transcript*.

CONSPICUOUS

The minister had preached to the graduating class of a girls' college. The girls of the class were on the platform all round the pulpit, and all dressed in white.

"I felt," confessed the preacher to his wife when he got home, "like a crow on a snow-drift!"—*Youth's Companion*.



THE RHYME FOR TWELFTH

"THERE ARE BOOKTH THAT I HAVE ON MY THELVTH  
WHICH DECLARE THAT NO WORD RHYMTH WITH TWELVTH!"  
SAID LISPER M'GEE.  
"HOW EATHY FOR ME!  
THTOODIP WRITERTH! IT RHYMTH WITH THEMTHELVTH!"

POURING, AS USUAL

With our foreman at home shot three times, a printer in the Blountville jail half-shot, another in the office not worth shooting, the *Comet* is issued under great difficulties this week.—*Johnson City (Tenn.) Comet*.

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AN OMISSION

"John," said Mrs. Smithers, "you asked me to read the President's Message, and I did."

"What did you think of it?"

"To tell the truth, I was disappointed. I had hoped to find in it somewhere a hint as to how to have my brown velvet made up."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

SENATOR DUBOIS has a new cook. People keeping house in Washington always have new cooks. This particular Dubois cook came claiming that she could do anything, and Mrs. Dubois intimated on the first day that they would have some macaroni for dinner.

"What's that?" asked the cook.

Mrs. Dubois took her to the pantry and showed her the macaroni. "Do you mean to say you don't know what this is?" Mrs. Dubois asked.

"Oh, yes, 'deed I do, missus," the cook replied. "Only in the las' place I worked they lighted the gas with them things."—*New York World*.

"OLD SALEM PUNCH. Delicious—Try it. S. S. Pierce Co., Boston, Mass."

GOOD OLD DAYS

"I can't help longing for the good old days," said the engineer.

"The good old days?" repeated the eminent official.

"Yes; the time when the work of building the Panama Canal seemed half completed when you had drawn a line with a blue pencil across the map of the isthmus."—*Washington Star*.

SENATOR PETTUS, of Alabama, who is eighty-five years old, was working on a law case in his office in Alabama last summer when he was overcome by an attack of vertigo.

"We're going to send for a doctor," one of his clerks told him. "All right," the Senator said, "but don't get more than one."

When the doctor arrived he bundled Senator Pettus into a carriage and got in with him and ordered that the Senator be taken to his home.

"You're a doctor, are you?" Senator Pettus asked.

"I am," was the answer.

"And you're all alone?"

"Yes, sir," the physician answered, thinking the Senator had some confidential communication to make.

"You're sure there is only one of you?" the Senator persisted. "You and I are the only two people here?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'm mighty glad of it," the Senator said, with a sigh of relief. "I am sure I'll get well if there is only one of you fellows here, but I know I could never survive a consultation."—*New York World*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best in South.—*Booklet*.

WORKS OVERTIME

"All he does is to draw dividends," says the vice-president of Standard Oil of John D. Rockefeller, and he might have added that he is the most incorrigible violator of the eight-hour labor day law in the world.—*Charleston News and Courier*.

HE WORKED LIKE A TROJAN FOR THEM, TOO

"Wonder who was the first woman to get her gowns from Paris?"

"Helen of Troy, no doubt."—*Boston Transcript*.

A NERVOUS old lady in a skyscraper hotel, on being assigned to a room on the nineteenth floor, asked the bell hop nervously if the proprietor had taken any precautions against fire.

"Yes, ma'am," said the bell hop; "he has. The place is insured for three times its real value."—*Argonaut*.

Hotel Vendome, Boston

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FAIR VISITOR: So you have really decided not to sell your house?

FAIR HOSTESS: Yes; you see, we placed the matter in the hands of an estate agent. After reading his lovely advertisement of our property neither John nor myself could think of parting with such a wonderful and perfect home.—*Tit-Bits*.

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Dog Did the Wrong Trick

THE Irishman wanted to sell the dog, but the prospective buyer was suspicious and finally decided not to buy. The man then told him why he was so anxious to sell. "You see," he said, "I bought the dog and trained him myself. I got him so he'd bark all the time if a person stepped inside the gate, and I thought I was safe from burglars. Then my wife wanted me to train him to carry bundles, and I did. If I put a packet in his mouth the dog would keep it there till some one took it away. Well, one night I woke up and heard some one in the next room. I got up and grabbed my gun. They were there—three of the scoundrels and the dog."

"Didn't he bark?" interrupted the man.

"Sorry a bark; he was too busy."

"Busy? What doing?"

"Carrying a lantern for the burglars."—*Dublin Freeman*.

Heavens!

IS MIKE CLANCY here?" asked the visitor at the quarry, just after the premature explosion.

"No, sor," replied Costigan; "he's gone."

"For good?"

"Well, sor, he went in that direction."—*Tit-Bits*.



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Drawn by C. Clyde Squires

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—*Baltimore Sun.*

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**Handling a Tiger**

"IN A cage near the room in which I lived while in Khiva," says Mr. Langdon Warner in the *Century Magazine*, "was a tiger from the Oxus swamps. He had taken a dislike to me, and every time I passed his cage he got up and paced angrily toward me, snarling."

"Into the cage of this beast, at the command of the prince, a Turcoman stepped, armed with a short stick as big round as his wrist. With this stick he struck the tiger's nose as he made for him, and then, with palms out and eyes fixed, he walked slowly up to the shrinking beast and stroked his face and flank.

"The tiger snarled and took the man's hand in his open mouth. I held my breath and looked for the bleeding stump to fall away. But keeping that hand perfectly still, with the other he tickled the tiger's jowl and scratched his ear, till with a yawn and a pleased snarl the big cat rolled over on his back to have his belly scratched.

"The man then sank to his knees, always keeping his hands in motion over the glossy fur, and with his foot drew toward him a collar attached to a chain. This he snapped round the beast's neck and, rising to his feet, laid hold of the chain and dragged the tiger out.

"This was only the second time that the cage had been entered. As soon as the tiger was outside he espied the watching party and started for them, but came up short on the collar. If he had chosen to use his weight and strength no four of them could have held his tether, but as it was, the Turcoman found little difficulty with him, and held him, snarling, while a camera was snapped."

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